





Year:



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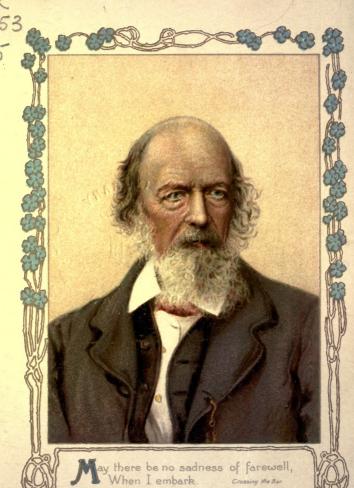


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The Miller's Daughter."

And she is grown so dear, so dear, That I would be the jewel That trembles in her ear; For hid in ringlets day and night I'd touch her neck so warm and bright.









Darch





In robe and crown the King stept down.
To meet and greet her on her way.
The Boggar Mana

"The Beggar Daid."

er arms across her breast she laid; She was more fair than words can say; Bare-footed came the beggar maid Before the King Cophetua.

So sweet a face, such angel grace, In all that land had never been: Cophetua sware a royal oath: "This beggar maid shall be my queen!"



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Che Day Queen." ou must wake and call me early. call me early, mother dear; unum To morrow'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New Year:..... I sleep so sound all night. mother, that I shall never wake, If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break: But I must gather knots of tlowers, and buds and garlands gay, For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother. I'm to be Queen o' the Day.

Sun. Don. Tue. Wed. Chu. Fri. 5at.

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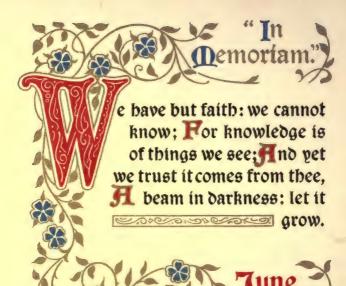
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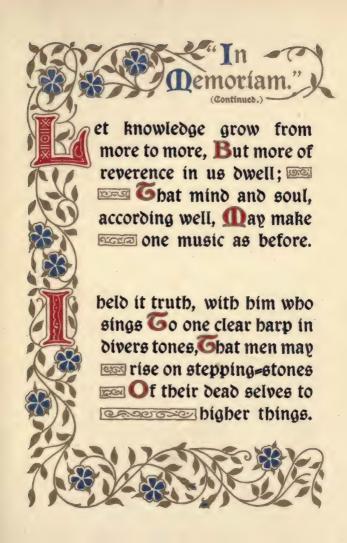
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None so fair as little filice in all the land they say



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Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood.

the Unidener's Daughte-

"The Gardener's Daughter."

Bastern rose, That, flowering bigh, the last night's gale had caught, Ind blown across the walk One arm aloft—She stood, a sight to make an old man young... It's one rose, One rose, but one, by those fair fingers cull'd, Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips wo Less exquisite than thine.

Break, Break.

reak, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O sea! & And I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me. And the stately ships go on To their haven under the hill; But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!

Hugust

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The tender grace of a day that is dead Will never come back to me.



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Sun. Mon. Tue. Wed. Chu. Fri. Sat. 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 | | | | | | |

October



We'll be birds of a feather, And all in a nest together



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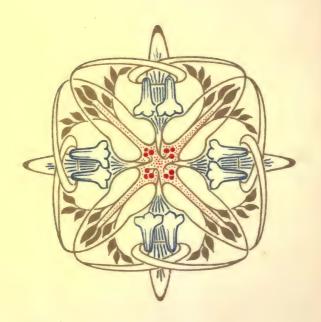
he frost is here, And fuel is dear, And woods are sear, And fires burn clear, And frost is here And has bitten the heel of the going year.

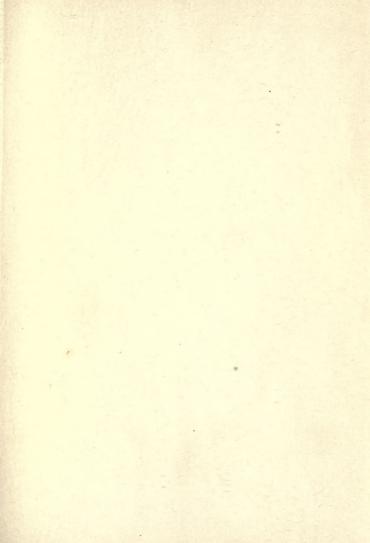


Sun. (Don. Tue. Wed. Chu. Fri. 5at. 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31



Bite. frost. bite!
The Window







PR 5553 N5 Tennyson, Alfred Tennyson Happy days roll onward

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